WOODROW WILSON

By Chas. O. Andrews.

It would be hard to find a school boy over the age of twelve months who has not heard of the name of Woodrow Wilson.

Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia, December 28, 1856. His father was the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson and one of the most influential churchmen of the south. His mother's maiden name was Jessie Woodrow. She was of Scotch-irish decent and with deep moral convictions, coming through a long line of ancestors, one of whom wrote the "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution."

The Wilsons and the Woodrows were men of firm qualities, deep convictions and habits of research and study, all of which are inherited by the man in whom both names are combined. When he was born he was named Thomas Woodrow, but in later life he seems to have dropped the first given name.

At the age of two years his father moved to Augusta, Georgia, where he took charge of one of the largest and most influential churches in the south. Augusta was then a city of about 15,000 inhabitants, and it was here that the boyhood of the future governor of New Jersey and president of Princeton was spent. He, though only a child, remembers something of the war clouds that hovered over the south. On a certain day in November, 1860, the little boy swinging on his father's gate, saw two men meet on the sidewalk and heard one of them say, "Lincoln is elected and there will be war." Something in the shrill tone of the speaker struck for the first time a chord of lasting memory. There was another war event that made a lasting impression upon the boy; in the summer of 1865 he saw Jefferson Davis ride by, under guard, on his way north to Fortress Monroe. It was about this time that his father's church was occupied by federal soldiers. It was at this same church that his father had invited the first general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church to meet and became its first clerk.

Young Wilson was not taught his alphabet till he was eight years of abe, but he remembers hearing his father and mother read from Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. Joseph T. Derry was his first teacher, and another pupil at the same time was Justice Joseph R. Lamar of the supreme court of the United States.

Woodrow Wilson's father was a master of the English language. He believed that "No one had a thought until he could put it quickly and definitely into words." This he taught his son to do. He was a constant companion of his son and on certain days they would visit the foundries, shops and factories around Augusta.

Rev. Wilson moved to Columbia, South Carolina, in the autumn of 1870 and became a teacher in the Southern Theological Seminary, which position he held for four years. Woodrow continued to attend school, but most of his training was under the direct supervision of his father, and in spite of his late years to start at books he soon qualified for college and at seventeen he was sent to Davidson College, North Carolina. He joined one of the debating societies and played baseball on the college nine, and once had the pleasure of hearing the captain of the team say, "Wilson, you'd make a dandy player if you were not so damn lazy." He fell ill just before the end of the year at Davidson and was taken to his new home in Wilmington, N. C., whither his father had been called as pastor of one of the churches. Woodrow stayed with the family throughout that year and part of the next and it was during this period that he became acquainted with seaport life, as much shipping was done from Wilmington.

In the autumn of 1875 he entered Princeton, where he graduated with the class of 1879. His going north to college was fortunate, for it gave him at an impressionable age an opportunity to understand the northern, as well as the southern, point of view, and prepared the way for the breadth of sympathy that has marked his history and writings, and enabled him to write an account of the conflict between the states in such a manner that his books have practically never been charged with sectionalism from either side. He was among the young southern men to see clearly that the south was a part of the union, but that the glory for its history never was to be forgotten, its secession apologized for.

Five years after graduation he wrote his first book in which he emphasized the necessity of blotting out the sectional lines between the North and South. He remained southern by instinct, and it is very sure he intended to cast his lot with the legal profession of the south, for he studied law for two years at the historic University of Virginia and then began practicing law in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1880. He lived there about two years and it is said he did not become wealthy, and also found out that practical law did not satisfy his intellecual hunger. He was not satisfied to read what law is and accept it without knowing its origin and history. To satisfy this hunger he, in 1883, entered Johns Hopkins University, then entering upon its brilliant period. It was here he wrote the book "A Study in American Politics." It was the effort of a master. "The book drew a contrast btween the theory of the constitution and the political practices under the constitution." It was at this time while a teacher and student that he married Mirs Ellen Louise Axson, June 24, 1885, at Savannah, Georgia. It is said they were children playmates in Augusta. They have three daughters.

In the autumn of 1885 he was called to the chair of history and political economy in Bryn Mawr College. This he held for three years, when he was called to a similar position in Weslyan University. He remained there two years and was called to his alma mater, Princeton, as professor of jurisprudence and political economy. Later in 1902 he was elected president of Princeton—the second oldest university in the United States. He took his Ph.D. degree on examination in 1886, submitting as his thesis "Congressional Covernment." This is considered the highest degree conferred by institutions of learning. He has received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Tulane, Johns Hopkins, University of Pennsylvania, Brown, Harvard and Yale.

When Dr. Wilson came to the presidency of Princeton he had been known as a scholar, author and public speaker, but he was untested as an executive. In his presidential office he carried out the idea of leadership which he pronounced in his first book, and has held ever since, in office an dout of office. He has visions and has the will power to realize his visions. He proposed something at Princeton that was a radical change from the old way; it was the complete reorganization of the university in such a way as to bring into daily communication and companionship representatives of all classes and of the faculty. The proposal was against the traditions of Princeton for it lent toward breaking up the self-elective clubs. "It sounded a startling note of democracy and pointed out broad ways by which the youth of the country could be brought up for the service of the country."

We have already mentioned the fact that he wrote the book "Congressional Government," in 1885, upon which he won a world wide reputation and a Ph.D. degree. He has also published the following books: "The States," in 1889; "Division and Reunion," in 1893; "An Old Master," in 1893; "Mere Literature," in 1896; "George Washington," in 1896; "A History of the American People," in 1902 (in five volumns); "Constitutional Government in the United States," in 1908. Besides the above there are many uncollected essays and addresses. It is said that "His histories show that they were written by a professional historian, a professional student of politics, and a professional man of letters."

Woodrow Wilson has been an inspiration to many young men who have looked up to him as a master of his calling—always helpful to others, as individuals and as a body politic. He copies after no one and individual thought is traceable in every essay and book that he wrote, but always regardful of the rights of others. The reforms he has inaugurated since he has been governor of New Jersey—probably the worst corporation-ridden state in the union—has put him prominently before the world. All over the country thoughtful men are writing and saying that he will be the Democratic nominee for the presidency when the convention convenes next summer. He is by nature and adaptation the fittest man for that office to be found in the United States. It would be futile, thus far, to try to guess who will be the next presidential nominee of the Democartic party. It is without a doubt admitted that it has been the custom to try to pick a winner regardless of natural fitness, and one whom the convention thinks would carry his own state—this is equally true in choosing the nominee for vice-president. An exception to this was in the case of Bryan, but not in the case of either of his running mates.

This is the first time in over half a century that the patient and hopeful south has some chance of helping to nominate a man of their own blood. He has a chance of winning. He would undoubtedly be a man that would administer the laws wisely for all.

SHALL THE ORPHANS HAVE A THANKSGIVING?

In view of the fact that Thanksgiving day or the Sunday following, is the only church collection, recommended by the Synods of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida to be taken up for their orphans, the following items in regard to the Thornwell Orphanage, which is owned by the three synods aforesaid, may be of interest to the readers of this paper.

The Thornwell Home and School for Orphans was founded in 1875. Its one building has increased to twenty and each cottage will give a home to twenty pupils more or less. In 1885, the school was so graded as to cover fourteen years, and in 1892 a Technical department was added, so that the boys might be taught some useful trade. This education is given entirely free to deserving orphans of any denomination and from any part of our country. Near a thousand youths have been under its influence and enjoyed its training. The provisio for the support, education and other expenses of these children, (265 now with us) is derived from personal donations of interested persons, or from church and Sunday school collections.

The Thornwell Orphanage is located in Clinton, S. C. To surrender children to its guardship is required of relatives. Pupils may leave at their own choice if they do not wish to remain. Children are not given out to service. The only business of the institution is to teach and train them.

Gifts may be sent to Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, president, Clinton, S. C.

LOVE MADLY BUT CANNOT MARRY

SUCH IS THE CASE OF CARL BURRIAN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL SECRTARY—HIS WIFE OBJECTS.

Special to The Journal

New York, Nov. 25.—The very proper directors of the Metropolitan Opera House have been deeply perturbed by the interviews given to the newspapers by Carl Burrian, the Bohemian tenor, professing his love for Emily Loefler Dinges, a beautiful young grass widow who recently arrived here from the other side with the singer. As a result of his indiscreet chaff, there is talk among the directors, who say they are much shocked by the situation of disciplining Burrian. For love of the woman, Burrian voluntarily gave up his position at the Royal Opera House at Dresden, which carried with it certain court honors and fled to Bohemia with her pursued by her husband and the police who vainly sought to intercept them at the international boundary line. In his hurried exit the tenor who was called "the idol of Dresden" left behind him a wife and family of his own. She has refused to divorce him, so that he may marry his soul mate and he is now paying her $3,000 a year alimony. On his arrival here to fill an engagement at the Metropolitan, the ship news reporters who boarded his ship at Quarantine, bombarded the singer with questions concerning himself and the young woman.

Had they been married? Did they intend to wed? Both questions came to the front as logical queries. "Married?" asked the tenor, repeating the questions. "No, we are not married. We will not be married. She is my beautiful secretary and always travels with me. It is her beauty that is so great. She cannot sing at all, but her beauty makes up for everything she may lack. We are companions in love. Madly, blindly, passionately, I love my secretary. She loves me—but we are not to be married. I have a son ten years of age and have been married twice. Mrs. Dinges is going to travel with me forever."

The singer and his beautiful secretary went to the Hotel Navarre, where they took a suite on the seventh door. When an effort was made to talk with the tenor, she replied over the hotel telephone:

"I no splick English." "Sphrechen sie Deutsche?" asked the reported. "Ja, ja, ja, ja!" replied Frau Dinges. Whereupon the interviewer explained, in his best rathskeller German, that he would fain hold speech with her, and she replied in pretty accent: "Herr Burrian is by the rehearsal gone. Maybe when he returns to the hotel he will you see. It is not possible you for me to see now."

"Will you give me your picture for the paper?" asked the reporter. "Why my picture?" she answered. "I am not a genius; I am no singer."

Burrian met his lovely secretary while singing in Dresden. She was in the audience and he made eyes at her. Then came telepathic vibrations that bring souls together. She came every day he sang and met him every day away from the opera house. Herr Dinges made his discovery. The wife stormed and raved. The German penal tenor fled to Bohemia where he has a hop estate.

The police followed and his wife heard the story of their love with bitter hatred. Would she step aside with a divorce decree and let love command the situation? Not she! She would make him support her and stand as a living barrier to the consummation of the romance of Dresden. The police still pursued the pair. They jumped from place to place. By royal edict his title of Royal Chamber Singer was taken from Burrian and he turned toward America as his haven.

DR. COOK HAS BECOME ANGRY

WILL MAKE LECTURE TOUR TO VINDICATE HIMSELF—SAYS HE WAS FIRST TO REACH NORTH POLE.

Special to the Journal.

New York, Nov. 25.—Doctor Cook, the explorer, whose claims to the discovery of the North Pole have brought upon him the ridicule of the scientific world, has been in town for a week preparing for what he says will be a lecture tour of vindication through the western states.

The "Doc" is taking himself seriously again and declares with new emphasis that he is the first man alive to reach the top of the earth, however much certain scientific gentlemen who are hostile to him may seek to deprive him of the honor. He has got his second wind since he was attacked with acient eggs recently in Copenhagen and is disposed now to show his teeth to the enemy.

This is the first time since the rejection of his claims by the council of the University of Copenhagen that he has thrown off the mask of anonymity and ceased to travel about incognito. No longer will he hide himself he says face the stern gaze of the mob which but a few years since acclaimed him a popular hero. He will fight and demand the prestige he conceives is his due. As for his enemies—they are simply jealous of him—and he cares nothing. The thought that he may inherit the mantle of the late James Owen O'Connor, the tragedian, whose humble portion it was to dodge vegetables and venerable fruit thrust at him by country bumpkins and irresponsible city urchins where ever he showed, does not discourage the explorer.

He believes he has been misrepresented and is the victim of a conspiracy fostered by Admiral Peary, his rival for North Pole honors and certain scientific friends who aspire to get him out of the way, for their own good. There is a tragic note in the changed attitude of the populace of New York toward their one time idol. Once feted as few have ever been here, no one appears in the least interested in him, except to sneer and politely leer as he strolls by. But as Copernicus, Galileo, Darwin and other great scientists who have enriched the world by their discoveries were treated with like discourtesy and lack of appreciation, the taunts of the doubting Thomases mean nothing to him. Abas with them.

McKINNONVILLE.

Special to The Journal

McKinnonville, Nov. 25.—A. D. McKinnonville went to Buckeye Tuesday.

Mrs. Joe Crabtree was a pleasant visitor here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lee, and Mr. and Mrs. Trimmer, all of Atmore, visited relatives here Sunday.

Master Vivian Henderson of Roberts, is spending a few days here with relatives.

C. K. Hyer of Pensacola, came out Friday.

Apologetic.

Hospitable Carter (after borrowing a match from a stranger to whom he has offered a lift.)—Y'see, I b'aint alowed to 'ave no matches when I be cartin' blarstin' powder fur them old quarries up along.—Punch.

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J. C. WHITING,
Tax Collector, City of Pensacola.